

BOB TAYLOR TO THE BOYS.

"BOB'S BOOST,"
JOHNSON CITY, TENN., Feb. 9.

To the boys:

My dear Chums: The happiest period of human life is youth; and the happiest specimen of youth is a big, healthy, awkward, water-jointed, rollicking, frolicking boy with his heart full of dreams, and his head full of schemes, and pockets full of apples and things. He is a bouncing laugh and a bounding yell. He is the beloved bandit of every mother's heart and the delightful outlaw of every old daddy's tongue.

What cares he for painted walls, and garish rooms, and velvet rugs, and pictured tapestries, and pastels, and water colors, and crayons in frames of gold and silver? What cares he for frescoed halls and polished floors, and stairways of mahogany? What cares he for all the chandeliers that shine, so he has the liberty to romp on the green carpets of the meadows and hills, under heaven's flaming chandelier, and a place to sleep in the lumber room, among the cobwebs and old, dusty trunks, where his rest is as sweet as though he were pillowed on the couch of a king, with all the curtains drawn about him? What cares he for champagne and sherry, if he can lie down and drink from the bubbling spring, or tear the corks of laughter pop, and listen to the wild melodies of nature's songs that sparkle in his soul? What cares he for "consomme," so he can get plenty of soup? What cares he for "sirloin," so he has beef to eat? What cares he for "roast partridge," so he gets chicken? What care he for all the "a la's" and "de la's" and "sauces" of the up-to-date menu? They are "vanity and vexation of spirit" to him in comparison with a good old-fashioned, well-cooked, big dish home dinner, steaming like an engine, and tempting his appetite with the mingling aromas of boiled cabbage, and stewed turnips, and mashed potatoes, and smoking biscuits, and corn dodgers, dodging behind the golden battlements of fresh country butter, with big white pitchers sweating on the outside of cold buttermilk, and pumpkin pies laughing all over the table.

If I want to find a sure enough boy, I do not search for him in the parlor, but in the pantry. I do not expect to find him in the drawing room, but in the dining room. He does not lurk in the library, but in the back yard with his game chickens, and white rabbits and Billy goats, or in the fields, shouting and shooting in the glorious company of his faithful dogs. The reason is that a boy loves his stomach better than poems and pictures; he loves nature better than art. The truth is, he is nature's child; and the child loves to play close to the warm, throbbing heart of his mother.

Nature furnishes him mud puddles to wade in, and swimming holes to swim in, and stones to throw, and birds to throw at, and hills to coast on, and streams to fish in, and sunshine to warm in, and shade to cool in, and fruits and berries of every kind to eat and "Molly cottontails" to hunt, and a thousand other joys which bless his life.

But soon the hour comes when nature must wear her boys, and lead him out of her nursery into the sweet gardens of fancy and the green fields of poetry, which lie on the frontier of cold facts—the border land reality. To prepare him for his future career, she first touches his vocal chords and changes his voice from the tone of the fife to the mellifluous of a bass viol, and puts a little hair on his upper lip, and whispers one word in his heart, which, in the twinkling of an eye, changes his destiny. That word is "love." What a world of beauty it unfolds to him! And how sudden is his transition from the mud puddle to the bath tub; from the "Molly cottontails" to the "Molly curly-heads," from frolics in the haymow to meditations among the buttercups and clover blossoms; from yells to love songs; from unstained laughter to sickly

youed comrades; and amid the prostrations and appeals of the young ladies to remain longer, we made a rush for the street and vanished for evermore.

The years rolled on, and we all found congenial spirits closer home, who made our hearts Elms and our dresses paradises.

One of my cronies became a splendid business man and private secretary to the governor of a great state; the other became a judge; while the city swells who laughed in the faces of the innocent country lads were long since lost in the shuffle, and have never been heard of among those who have succeeded in the world.

I leave you to read the moral of this story between the lines.

I would not say naught to discourage the boys who dwell in the cities and towns, for they have ten thousand advantages which a country boy never dreams of. The cities and towns are the emporiums of art and science, and the great schools of polytechnic and mechanical training; but the country is the nursery of poets and statesmen. I have seen something of life in both, and my observation has been that the country is the place to raise a boy, where the green hills and beautiful land scapes broaden his views, and where the great mountains point upward toward God.

The sweethearts of our childhood, like little birds, had long since flown from the mountains to live in a neighborhood city, and the report came to us like an echo from paradise that they still remembered us, and loved us, and wished that we might come. So, with buttered suits and quaking boots, and our wool hats with brims pushed up in front, we boarded the cars; and soon we were primping and blacking, and brushing, and perspiring in the hotel, within five squares of the fountained and powdered enemy. At length an immense bull's eye watch in the trembling hand of one of my comrades announced that the hour of action had arrived, and we reconnoitered the crowded streets "wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." Far out in the country from whence we had come there was no such thing as a door bell, and suddenly there was a tapping, as of some one loudly rapping, rapping hard upon the door; and the "silken, sad, uncertain rustling" of our sweethearts' skirts within "thrilled us, filled us with fantastic terrors" we had never felt before. Our hearts leaped to our throats when the heavy paneled oak door swung back on noiseless hinges, and the "century reeled" when we paused in the hall under the brilliant chandelier, where we put into execution our studied and practiced bows. Then there was a rush for three chairs in the farthest corner of the parlor, into which we dropped with a thud, blushing, and perspiring in front of three sofas in the opposite corner, which were half occupied by three little slipped and skirted dreads of beauty who beckoned and persuaded and coaxed us to come across; but we answered the challenge with more blushing and more grins and more perspiration.

The cause of our dreadful embarrassment was our appalling discovery that our sweethearts had evolved into cultured and refined young society ladies, with not a single trace of the country girls we used to know, left, either in dress, conversation, or appearance; while we had grown up green and unsophisticated, and, if possible, more awkward than ever.

In the midst of our struggle to regain our equilibrium the doors opened again, and in stepped three elegantly dressed young gentlemen, who were evidently the beaux of our erstwhile sweethearts. The city swell always has supreme contempt for a country boy, especially in the game of love. These young men laughed in our faces when we again put into execution our studied and practiced bows, and they gracefully sat down by the girls and began to pour out great volleys of nonsense. They were kind enough, however, to fire a few questions at us, to which we replied in monosyllables and more perspiration, which ran down our cheeks like rain, until the paper collar of one of my cronies came in two; and he instantly sprang to his feet and broke for the door, closely followed by his two demoralized and complete.

A private in Co. F., preached last night and I suppose it was the first Protestant services held here for some time, it was a lonesome affair, as there was not a "piece of calico" large enough for a pocket handkerchief in or on a road the barracks, and you know that it takes "calico" to make a fellow interested in church.

When we are out on post our meals are brought to us, we have biscuits every meal now. My little stripes keep me out of a good deal of extra work, and I don't have to go on duty near so often. We have not been paid since January 1, and don't expect to be until May. We are anticipating a good time when we get out into the country. We are better satisfied since the insurgents got to fighting, although we did not enlist to fight insurgents, it would have been too bad to come 11,000 miles to fight and then get no scrap.

Your son,
B. B. SROUT.
Co. M, 1st Reg. Tenn. Vol.

The anti trust banquet at St. Louis, last week was participated in by 1445 people and witnessed by 5,000 spectators. Speeches were made by W. J. Bryan, Champ Clark, M. C. Westmore, D. A. DeArmond and others.

MORE TRUSTS.

Bryan Discusses the Growth of Monopolies and Their Effect

UPON THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE

In his speech at the anti-trust banquet at St. Louis, Hon. W. J. Bryan said:

"More trusts have been formed during the last two years than existed at the beginning of the present administration and the nominal capitalization of the trusts now in existence approaches, if it does not equal, in amount, the world's total supply of gold and silver. The influence of these trusts has become so enormous that the people, without respect to party, are asking themselves how the evil can be remedied. The purpose of the trusts is to control the product of some article of merchandise and the methods employed are:

"1. The union of all individual factories under one management, or in one corporation, and
"2. The crushing out of new rivals.

"A monopoly, when once complete, not only dictates terms to those who buy the product, but it also dictates terms to those who sell the raw material and to those who furnish the labor. If the trusts are permitted to continue, we shall find an industrial aristocracy growing up in the United States which will prove as destructive of our ideal as a landed aristocracy would.

"The principle of monopoly is incompatible with our institutions. Man's necessities compel him to become a purchaser and where there is but one seller the purchaser is completely at the mercy of the seller. Where there is competition between producers the purchaser is sure to obtain what he wants at a reasonable price. When competition is eliminated the price is controlled not by reason but by the greed of the one who possesses the monopoly.

"It has been said that the power to tax is the power to destroy. A monopoly possesses the power to tax; it can levy such assessments as it will upon the purchaser and we can no more afford to permit such a power to be exercised by private individuals than we can afford to authorize a private individual to use the machinery of taxation in order to enrich himself at the expense of his fellows.

"The government would be guilty of gross neglect if it permitted an individual to secure a monopoly even without legislative assistance, but it is still more culpable, if by legislative act it furnishes the means by which a monopoly is secured. The corporation is the means now employed by those who seek to secure a monopoly. Since the corporation is a fictitious person, created by law, the power that creates can regulate, restrain, or annihilate. To say that the government is impotent to prevent the organization of trusts, is to say that it has called into existence a fictitious person and that the latter has become greater than the creator (Applause).

"One of the difficulties which has been encountered in opposing trusts is that the trust hides behind the Federal constitution when attacked by state legislation, and shields itself behind its state charter when attacked in the Federal courts. No remedy will be complete that is not co-extensive with the Federal government. If the extinguishment of the trust is left to state legislation, the public at large will be victimized as long as a single state will furnish a robbers' roost, where spoils collected in other states can be divided.

"Just now people are startled by the principle of monopoly as it manifests itself in the industrial trust, and they may be startled. The principle, however, is the same as that which manifests itself in the efforts of the national bankers to secure a monopoly of the issue of paper money.

"The greenback is a rival of the bank note, and its principle is a constant menace to the banks of issue. Some who recognize the evils that flow from a soap trust seem indifferent to the dangers that attend the formation of a paper money trust. The principle of monopoly not only lies at the foundation of the attempt to destroy the greenbacks, but it is the controlling principle that underlies the crusade against silver as a standard money.

"Between 1850 and 1860, when the production of gold was increasing and the production of silver was small, three nations demonetized gold and gave to silver a monopoly of mint privileges. Early in the '70s the financiers became alarmed at the increase in the production of silver and conspired to destroy silver as a standard money and give a monopoly to gold, the production of which at that time was stationary. The standard money trust is not only the parent trust, but it is in the hands of foreigners.

TEACHERS SALARY.

A Young Teacher Believes There Should Be Competition.

MR. EDITOR:—A week or two ago we had in the columns of your paper, a valuable article from the active pen of a Sturgis friend. In this he tells in most fluent rhetoric, and especially vigorous style of the duties of the teacher (aided by the State,) that will put our school on a basis to compare with other states in the union. Allow a pupil to say a few words in defense of my Arkansas friend who has been assailed by the scribe from Sturgis.

Everyone will agree most heartily that the public school needs to be placed on a higher basis. But will higher salaries for teachers do it, is the question. And judging from the majority of them we must say: "Nay, verily, if the soul of the teacher remains as it now is, it is the almighty dollar he is after, and he has no sympathy with the child." He is glad when school is out and he can get away from their noise, and get a chance to pursue more congenial occupations, or in some cases professions, such as baseball playing, and bicycling. This is not the case with every teacher I am glad to say, but yet it fits some of them; and this is the reason they want so short a term as the law will allow.

Many are now raising a great "hu and cry" about the trusts that are being formed here in this land of ours. For a combination of capital to be able to steal away the hard earned dollar of the poor man is a deplorable state of affairs, to be sure. But, for a set of men, or rather bipeds, to be able to keep away knowledge and truth from the growing and starving minds of thousands of children is a condition of affairs that is a "stench in the nostrils of heaven." And why not call this a "school teachers trust?" He who would dare bring down the price of teaching is educationally outtraced, and is a branded traitor to the cause of education. Heaven, save the mark! This is the most remarkable trust yet found, because it is chartered, not with an amount of capital but with a license of soul.

The man who will not cut, hold or contend for a few dollars, and cheats the child of untold wealth. They teach five months and last seven. You close your school in January, when neither you nor your pupils can do anything else, although you may have the best interest at that time that you have ever had. Where is the teacher with his heart in his work that would care for teaching two weeks longer in January? Such teachers, however, are very scarce and no wonder they go to Arkansas, Texas or some more congenial clime.

The teacher who really loves and estimates the value of his work should be willing to teach for a bare living. Teaching is as godly a calling as preaching, and the true minister often times does not know from whence shall come his salary. But who ever heard of a Kentucky teacher instructing children simply because they had no other means of securing it? On the contrary, they are always striving for the largest schools, and the question with teachers when they meet is not, "How are you progressing this term?" but, "How many pupils does your district number?"

Why will higher salaries secure better teachers? They will not prepare for better teaching unless the law compels it. He will jog along in the same channel just doing what the law demands, and no more. He never, under any circumstances, teaches when the law allows a holiday.

Let us not have selfish mortals to keep school, but give us true teachers, with live throbbing souls; give us men and women who have chosen it as a life work, not to acquire wealth, but to be of some benefit to the poor, neglected child, because he loves humanity. His reward will not be dollars and cents in this world, but crowns and blessings in the world to come. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A PUPIL.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs—she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. H. Orme's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and \$1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

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OFFICIAL CALL

State Convention June 21. County Convention June 17.

At a meeting held by the Democratic state executive committee in the city of Lexington, March 8, 1899, it was ordered that a state convention be held in the city of Louisville, on Wednesday, June 21, 1899, for the purpose of nominating Democratic candidates for state offices, to be voted for on November 7, 1899. Said convention shall be called to order at 11 o'clock a. m.

Delegates to said convention shall be chosen at county mass conventions, to be held at the various county court-houses in counties having but one legislative district, of which due notice shall be given by the various county chairmen. In counties having more than one legislative district there shall be a convention for each legislative district, to be held at some convenient point, to be indicated by the chairman of the legislative district committee, who shall advertise in the local papers the location of said convention at least ten days prior to the date fixed by this committee. Said county and legislative district conventions shall be held at 2 o'clock p. m., standard time, on June 17, 1899. Said conventions shall be called together by the chairman of the respective county or legislative district committees.

The basis of representation of each county to the said state convention shall be one delegate for each 200 votes and fraction consisting of one hundred or more votes cast for the head of the Democratic electoral ticket at the presidential election in 1896; provided that each county shall have at least one delegate vote.

All known Democrats and others who supported W. J. Bryan for president, and those who pledge themselves to support the nomination of said convention shall be entitled to participate in the county or legislative district conventions.

P. P. Johnston, Chairman. Owen Cochran, Secretary.

In Memory

Biddie Jane Daniel, who was born March 20, 1869, and died December 9, 1898. She was married to Robt. Balt, Nov. 24, 1892. She was the daughter of Mr. J. A. and Josephine Daniel. She was an earnest, consistent christian, having professed religion at the age of 12 years, and died in the hope of a happier world beyond. She leaves a husband, father, mother, and a host of friends to mourn her suddenly taking away.

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